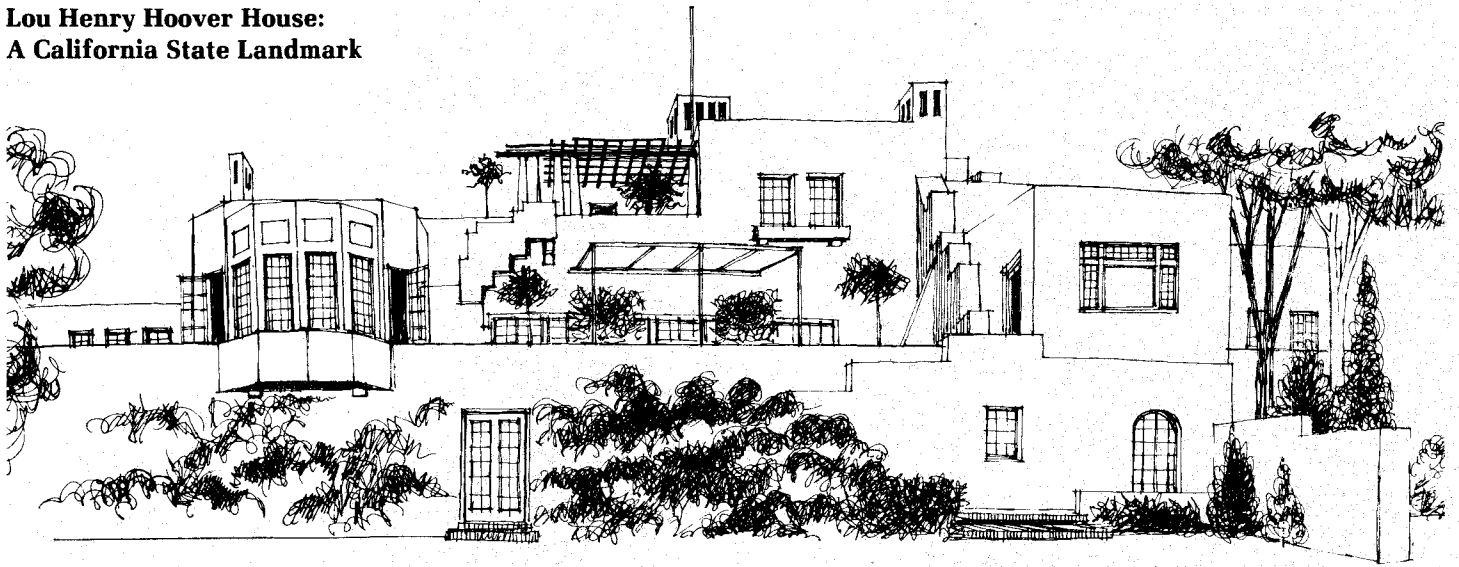


**Lou Henry Hoover House:
A California State Landmark**



Stanford Historical Society Newsletter

Volume 2, No. 4, Spring/Summer 1978

Birge Clark delights 120 at annual meeting

Lou Henry Hoover House, the graciously modern home which Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover built on the crest of San Juan Hill and which is now the home of the University president, was dedicated May 18 as a California Historical Landmark as a prelude to the annual meeting of the Stanford Historical Society.

A bronze plaque attesting to the building's place in history has been affixed to a pillar of native stone in a small grove of olive trees along Cabrillo Avenue in the lower garden of the Hoover House.

It was presented on behalf of the State

Department of Parks and Recreation by Kathryn Kaiser, chairman of the State Historical Resources Commission.

In so doing she said, "I have to give a special smile to my dear friend, Dorothy Regnery, because she has been one of the most militant activists in seeing that the heritage of Stanford University is conserved."

Mrs. Regnery, a member of the Historical Society board, arranged for the state landmarking of Lou Henry Hoover House and also for its recent listing in the National Register of Historic Places at the National Level of Significance, a listing maintained by the National Park Service.

Robert M. Minto, program chairman of the Historical Society, presided at the

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Annual Report of the President

James T. Watkins IV

Almost fifty years ago a great and popular history professor at Stanford, Edward Maslin Hulme, himself Stanford '97, speaking at the funeral of a favorite student, also an alumnus but only by a few months, quoted blank verse lines from a young American poet, Dana Burnet:

*Who dreams shall live! And if we do
not dream*

*Then shall we build no Temple into
Time...*

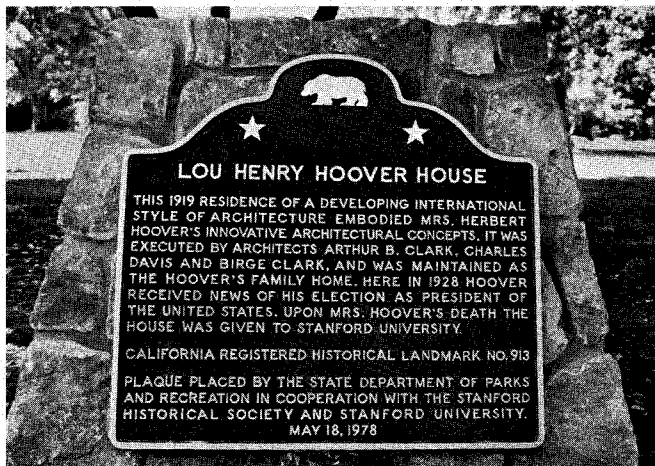
*Still shall the Vision live! Say never-
more*

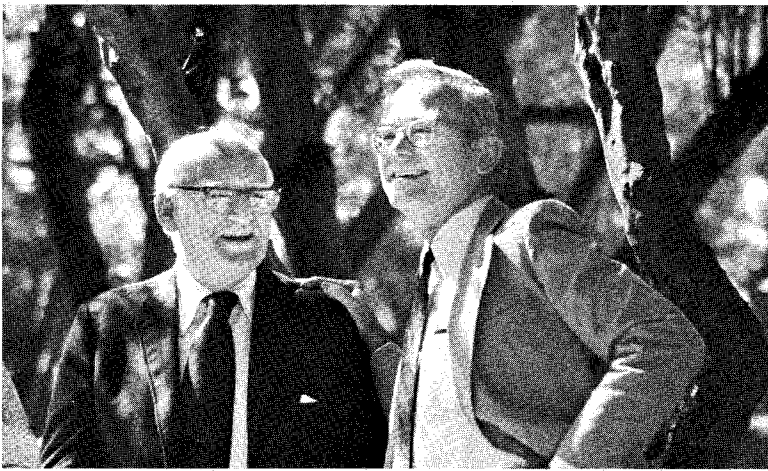
*That dreams are fragile things. What
else endures*

*Of all this broken world save only
dreams?*

Professor Hulme had never lost his own capacity for dreams and he nurtured that gift when he found it among the students close to him, among them the young man, gone before his twenty-first birthday, for whom he grieved now as if for a son.

Like Stanford University itself the Stanford Historical Society was first of all a dream. Like that earlier dream it is





At the annual meeting: President Richard W. Lyman with Program Chairman Robert M. Minto; Provost Emeritus Frederick E. Terman with Dorothy Regnery.
(Photographs on pages 1, 2, 3, and 5 ©Carolyn Caddes.)

today a sturdy reality. With regret over doing so but with confidence as to its future I determined to announce (*pace* Calvin Coolidge) that "I do not choose to run" for another election as president by the Board of Directors.

For this occasion then let me quote from a poet, in fact two poets, a common enough Latin expression, sanctified first by Catullus, a contemporary of Caesar, and then by Tennyson, a contemporary of Leland Stanford, *Ave atque vale*, which translates roughly, "Greetings and good-bye."

This year's annual meeting is the Society's third. The first, in May 1976, culminated almost a year's work of the Preparatory Group and the planning which preceded the convocation of the Preparatory Group. (*Newsletter* Vol. 1, no. 1). At that meeting the original Board of Directors was elected. As the Preparatory Group's chairman, I reviewed the developments leading to the reality of a Stanford Historical Society. The work of the year that followed was reviewed for you at the second annual meeting in May of last year. (*Newsletter* Vol. 2, no. 1). We now come to a report on the work of the Society during the year since the second meeting.

If I may remind you, according to its Articles of Organization, turning dream into reality, the Society exists (1) to collect and preserve the history of Stanford University and (2) to encourage knowledge and understanding of that history and of the ideals of its Founders. From time to time the members may gather to listen to reports and to other papers or witness ceremonies such as those conferring landmark status upon the Lou Henry Hoover House, but the Society exists above all for doing things,

for that "direct usefulness" the Founders of Stanford looked for in their countrymen and particularly in Stanford graduates.

To carry out the purposes of the Society the general membership is convened in its yearly meetings for the election of the Board of Directors and then and on other occasions for matters of general interest including the annual observance of Founders' Day. Otherwise it is the Board that promotes the work of the Society. Originally seven in number, the Board was increased first to eleven (*Newsletter* Vol. 2, no. 2) and now, to facilitate staggering of elections, to twelve. Even more numerous are the project chairmen who join the Board at its monthly meetings.

There were other organization developments this past year. For one thing the Society, as of September last, is recognized by the University as a volunteer organization working in its behalf. As a consequence all contributions to the Society have the same status as contributions to the University for tax purposes. Although we continue to rely upon membership dues for support, the time will come when other support will have to be sought for special projects.

One such project is the *Stanford Panorama*, described elsewhere in this issue of the *Newsletter*. A significant step was the appointment of the supervisory committee, including members from the Society, the Alumni Association, and other University agencies, for that major undertaking.

In talking of organizational developments, let me return to the change in the presidency for a personal comment.

It is not that after three years I had tired of the responsibility, first for chairing the meetings of the Preparatory Group and then meetings of the Society. Rather it seemed to me that time was ripe for new leadership. The availability of Harvey Hall encouraged the change—even if it came as a surprise to him.

But let me say something more personal. It is not given to many of us to voice our "nunc dimittis" to an institution we have served and yet know and also have our audience know that with our retirement there will come little change in the degree of that service. Rarer still is it to do that twice.

Yet five years ago I stepped down from the classroom podium into a retirement that saw the loss of little but that podium. There remained too much still to do in the service of Stanford (not least the founding of the Stanford Historical Society!) for me to contemplate any other course. And now that I bid the Society a similar farewell it is with a loss similarly of only this podium. You have reelected me to our Board of Directors for another three years. Here, too, as I shall presently show, though you know it well enough, there remains too much to be done for me to think of being any less active in the Society's service. I am stepping down, then; I am not stepping out.

"To encourage knowledge and understanding of (Stanford's) history" the Society disseminates among its members and among the members of the public that knowledge and understanding. Contributing to this end are its several meetings and its *Newsletter* with the latter's new and beautiful special winter issue. The *Stanford Panorama* will serve that same purpose if largely though not

exclusively through the medium of the eye. Work in progress in the same vein includes preparations for a "Dictionary of Stanford Place Names" (Mrs. Richard M. Blois, chairman), a history handbook for new students (Mrs. Eugene E. van Tamelen, chairman), a guide to Stanford monuments, plaques, portraits, etc., now substantially completed (Patrick J. Maveety, chairman), and a Stanford chronology (in process of receiving a new chairman).

"To collect and preserve the history of Stanford" the Society discharges other ongoing functions. It locates and seeks to acquire (but does not purchase) Stanford memorabilia and "heirlooms" for the Stanford Archives (represented at Board meetings by Miss Roxanne Nilan), the Museum (represented by Mr. Maveety), and when appropriate such other Stanford agencies as the Hoover Institution and the Lane Library. Of course these efforts are over and beyond their own acquisition programs. During the past year (under the chairmanship of John R. Kates) important caches of Stanford papers in private hands have been uncovered, several have been inspected, and where owners have felt ready, gifts have been received. Worthy of special note is the Ellinwood collection left recently by Dr. Lathrop Ellinwood to his daughter Anne (Stanford '40) and soon to come to Stanford. It is a treasure trove of Stanford medical history: school, hospital, and their antecedents in San Francisco.

Pursuing its double role, the Society since our last annual meeting, that of May 1977, started some new tasks, continued many carried on from the previous year, and completed a few. Those completed include first (largely owing to the efforts of Mrs. David C. Regnery) the new landmark designation for the Lou Henry Hoover House (see elsewhere in this *Newsletter*). The names of the war dead

from Korea and Vietnam have been laboriously culled from the *Alumni Almanac* and similar sources and only await refurbishing of the Memorial Hall foyer to be inscribed with those there from earlier conflicts. Pictures selected from historical collections in the Archives have been made into postcards for sale at the Stanford Bookstore, among other outlets (Mrs. George R. Liddle, chairman). Finally, the bronze group of the Stanford family has been moved into storage for security pending the determination of a site for its installation. A committee of the Society has made a recommendation on the latter question.

The record for the year may seem to be a good one. Yet so many of the dreams eluding us a year ago elude us still. I think of a staff of docents for the instruction of campus visitors. There could be undergraduate seminars in Stanford history; I gave one several times while still on active duty. We must begin planning for a full scale centennial history. We have thought of an historical atlas, of an oral history program to preserve the memories of our more aged emeriti, of an encyclopedia or dictionary of Stanford history. Other projects will come to mind, projects awaiting volunteers to undertake them. My own favorite dream is to hear the Westminster chimes once more marking the hours and the quarter hours from a new clock tower. The bells are safely stored awaiting that day.

Since the dream of a Stanford Historical Society is now a reality of such proportions but with so many challenges still to be met, by no Roman poet's "Ave atque vale" can I close this report, the year since our last annual meeting, and my presidency. I do so with the reverse: *Vale atque ave!*, "Farewell...and hail."



Jing Lyman (right) at the Historical Society meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Kosta Boris. "Boris," who had served Herbert Hoover for many years, was major-domo of Lou Henry Hoover House during the occupancy of Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Sterling.

Annual meeting

continued from page 1

plaque dedication and short talks were given by two presidents—James T. Watkins IV of the Society and Richard W. Lyman of the University.

President Lyman reported that he had received letters from Allan Hoover and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., son and daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, conveying their sense of happiness and satisfaction at this event and their regret that they could not be present.

Lou Henry Hoover House is "of interest not only historically but also aesthetically and artistically," Dr. Lyman said. "It is always striking to us how visitors—in their hundreds—are impressed with the remarkable modernity of the exterior design and the way it fits into the site. Inside it is gracious and remarkably expandable and contractable.

"I am pleased that the State is giving it recognition and also that all of you can be here to join in the happy memories and in this recognition of the farsightedness of the Hoovers—both in the way she conceived of the house and in the way he conceived of its future use to the University."

After the ceremony 120 members and guests of the Society gathered on the main terrace of the Hoover House for refreshments, hosted by Dr. and Mrs. Lyman. Then, following an abbreviated business meeting, Birge M. Clark, one of the architects of the house, delighted his listeners with his reminiscences of working with Mr. and Mrs. Hoover.

Directors elect Hall president for 1978-79

Harvey Hall, the University's registrar for 22 years and then ombudsman for two years until retiring in 1974, has been elected president of the Stanford Historical Society for 1978-79. He succeeds James T. Watkins IV.

Professor Watkins, who was the guiding force in the organization of the Society and served as president for the first three terms, has been elected "founding president emeritus."

Elise Liddle has been elected vice-president; Kenneth Christensen, treasurer; and Claire Still, secretary.

In accordance with the by-laws, the officers were elected following the annual meeting by the board of directors from their number.

At its April meeting the board



Harvey Hall

voted to establish staggered terms for its members, and to accomplish this the membership was increased from 11 to 12.

The following directors, nominated by a committee headed by Richard M. Blois, were approved by acclamation at the annual meeting May 18:

For a one-year term—Robert M. Minto, Mary van Tamelen, Charles Leib, and Susan Blois.

For a two-year term—Leonard Ely, Jr., Eleanor Bark, Kenneth Christensen, and Harvey Hall.

For a three-year term—James T. Watkins IV, Elise Liddle, Frederic O. Glover, and Claire Still.

Alumni Association joins in Panorama book project

The boards of the Stanford Historical Society and the Stanford Alumni Association have agreed to cooperate on the publication of an artistic, finely printed book of photographs, sketches, and maps of Stanford's land and buildings—from the University's beginnings to the present. The working title is *Stanford Panorama*.

A proposal initiated by the Society was accepted by the Alumni Association board in May and details of a copublishing arrangement are now being worked out.

Kenneth C. Christensen, a Society director, heads a committee for the project appointed by James T. Watkins IV, then president of the Society.

The research, writing, photography, and production of a book of the high quality anticipated would consume approximately two years, giving a tentative completion date in the fall of 1980.

The Hoovers wanted a house that was livable, unostentatious, unconventional—and fireproof

The following informal account of events surrounding the design of Lou Henry Hoover House is adapted from the talk given at the annual meeting by Birge M. Clark, Stanford '14. Since his participation in that project, Mr. Clark has practiced architecture continuously in Palo Alto. He has designed several Stanford buildings, commercial and civic structures, and many residences.

By Birge M. Clark

It is really wonderful to have participated in the design of a house for a man who would become the President of the United States and then be around long enough to be present when it is made a historical monument.

The house plans were started right at the end of the war in 1918, but I'm going back a little to explain how it happened that Birge Clark, who was totally unknown, and even my father, who was modestly known as an architect, came to design this house. The Hoovers had always been very good friends of my family in their college days. When the war broke out Mrs. Hoover was going to return to Europe to be with Mr. Hoover while he helped with the Belgian relief, so she brought their sons here. Allan, the younger one, who is still alive, went to stay in Monterey with his grandparents, the Henrys. Herbert, who was about the same age as my two younger brothers, stayed with my family, who lived just across the reservoir from here on Santa Ynez.

Father had graduated in architecture from Syracuse University and he came to Stanford as professor of art in 1892. I was born in 1893. He did about one house a summer. He was very conscientious. He never would let anything interfere with his duties as head of the Art Department. He did design enough houses and one or two fraternity houses and enough faculty homes so that Mrs. Hoover knew about his work.

Before the war Mr. and Mrs. Hoover would live here whenever Mr. Hoover was between jobs, so to speak. He had a big consulting firm based in London. Then right near the end of the war they decided they wanted to return to Stanford and build a home of their own. Mrs. Hoover went to Louis C. Mullgardt, who had designed what is now the Music

Building [originally the home of Ray Lyman Wilbur] with a bunch of chimneys on it. I mention that because when it was first built you could see it as you came up Palm Drive. He put those six chimneys apparently symmetrically arranged with the Memorial Church roof. That was regarded as slightly sacrilegious. Only slightly.

Mr. Mullgardt unfortunately let the Hoover commission be known to the newspapers and, because of the Hoovers' great prominence at that time, the story was flashed around the world. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, both of whom were essentially very private people, felt this was terrible. Nobody should be thinking about anything except winning the war, certainly not the wife of the man who was so prominent in feeding the Europeans. They simply paid him off. I believe also that he made his preliminary design look a little like that Music Building, which is Portuguese Gothic. That is not said in slang. It really is Portuguese Gothic.

So then Mrs. Hoover went to my father and said, "Well, now you've just got to design our house." Apparently he had told her before that he was just too busy, that it was too big a house. Finally he said, "Well, I'll hire some draftsmen and I'll supervise the drawings somewhat, but you'll have to take the time to act as the architect." She said that was fine. So they got Charles Davis, who was a typical old head draftsman type. He had worked for Willis Polk on Filoli and other projects. I had gone to Columbia University from Stanford and then I'd been two years in the Air Force. When I came home Father had taken this job and I began working on it, too.

The Hoovers wanted to have a view. All of the time Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were at Stanford they used to take walks up on to this hill and on to Pine Hill where the Hanna house is now. They would go to those places and look over the valley. So this site became their choice. Mrs. Hoover had a platform run from where the front door is now, very accurately placed, which ran out to about the far edge of the present terrace and then turned and ran about 20 feet both ways. There were two chairs on the platform because Mrs. Hoover wanted to be very sure that if you sat in the living room your view of the bay would be uninterrupted by the building.

Mrs. Hoover was essentially a very considerate, very joyous sort of a woman. She actually must have been in her early forties at that time, but we never thought of her as being that old. When she said, "Run upstairs," she meant *run* upstairs, and she would run upstairs herself. She was extremely friendly and outgoing—much like Jing Lyman. She used to go—I don't believe Jing does this—go around the neighborhood and walk in the back door of people's houses and just holler, "Hoo-hoo." My mother loved Mrs. Hoover and felt she was one of the family and that was fine with Mother. It wasn't so fine with a few other wives.

My father's studio was on the ground floor of our house across the way. The room opened out on the downside. There was room for two drafting tables and a few other things. Davis and I would be working there and Mrs. Hoover would come in. She would be delighted to sit up on a stool. We were in the habit of spreading tracing paper over a drawing to make a little sketch. She would do that, too, and we still have some of the little sketches she made. It is almost impossible to explain how much in awe we were of

turnaround time of a letter was close to two weeks. Transcontinental telephoning had been done but it was a stunt mainly for conventions and meetings. You could not phone from your own home, so we never once phoned across the United States.

Mrs. Hoover worked continuously to keep the size of the house down, not because of the cost but simply because they did not want it to be conspicuous. I'm going to read a little note that my father wrote in an article which was one of the few articles that Mrs. Hoover ever approved about the house because she felt it was nobody's business what the house was like. No plans were ever published in her lifetime that I know of.

The prevailing spirit of the house is one of extreme livableness and utter lack of formality and ostentation, the individuality of the owner being evidenced everywhere by the lack of conventionality and disregard of tradition or the accepted way of doing things.

So we could never just say, "Well, we don't do that." That was a pretty good argument for doing it.

concrete and the exterior walls are hollow tile between concrete piers. The wooden floors were laid on sleepers on the concrete. Although they had not started out with the idea of making the roofs into livable space, with that type of construction it was perfectly easy to do. Stairs were added, and more stairs. Terraces became living decks. The house simply was hammered out and forged as we went along.

The Hoovers loved fireplaces with fires in them. Every principal room in this house has a fireplace and one was put on the living room terrace so the boys could toast marshmallows or roast wieners, although I don't remember that they ever did that. Even the front entrance hall has a fireplace in the corner. I remember Mrs. Hoover's idea was that there should be a fire burning in there when the guests arrived. We were over here one evening when there was a storm with the wind coming from the south. As the front door was opened the ashes were blown out all over the floor. Mrs. Hoover, evidently anticipating somebody commiserating with her, said, "Well, the ashes can just be swept up. I'm not going to not have a fire in that fireplace because the ashes blow around once in a while."

The coved ceiling in the living room was brought about because there were no 100-, 200-, or 300-watt lamps in those days. We figured the only way we could attain the degree of lightness necessary was to have a cornice and there are 300 little 25-watt lamps in there. The same method was used in the dining room. But then Mrs. Hoover wanted a beamed ceiling. Of course a beamed ceiling was not going to be a structural ceiling because of the concrete deck. But there would be a beamed ceiling. How were we going to get those beams down? We couldn't just run them into the wall, so we hit on this way of curving them down to the back edge of the cornice. This structurally is kind of silly because if the beams were holding things up they wouldn't be coved down like that. But this did not bother Mrs. Hoover in the least. Nothing like that ever did.

In the dining room the ceiling is a two-toned gold and it is glazed, and the whole ceiling in the living room was like that, too, before it was painted over several years ago by an interior decorator. This autumny-gold color, as Mrs. Hoover called it, that went with this wood so well, was the result of a lot of study. Our first experiment, a little more extreme than this, was in the upper second floor stair hall.

One of the rare times Mr. Hoover was here, Mrs. Hoover phoned and asked me



Birge M. Clark

her and of Mr. Hoover. There is no one in the United States at the present time as revered as Hoover was then. It was exciting to be working on a house for them.

Mrs. Hoover was here for the first couple of months of planning, but after that she and Mr. Hoover would go back East frequently. I was looking through the files of letters and realized how frustrating this was to Davis and me and my father because at that time the

The first plans had two stories running along the reservoir. That just seemed too big. They also called for tile roofs and that seemed ostentatious. So all the other bedrooms, other than those for the family, were put down below facing out onto the garden. The house was hammered down and made to flow out to hug the site more and more. Mr. Hoover's almost only contribution was to make the structure fireproof. So the girders, columns, decks, roofs, and floors are all

to come over. "He'll ask me some things," she said, "and I won't have the answers"—which was very rare. She talked with him about the living room ceiling and explained why it was coved so we could get the lights in. And he said, "Well, it looks kind of early Pullman to me." That was the only time I saw her annoyed with Mr. Hoover. "You shouldn't say that, Bert. It is not." Then we showed him the upstairs hall and he said, "Well, I saw worse looking basements in Belgium." She phoned me in about an hour and said, "Mr. Hoover was just teasing me. He just was having a little joke. He says both of those ceilings are wonderful."

All of the leaded glass used in the house was rare even in those days. There were not many people who could make it. But she wanted leaded glass. Mr. Hoover, however, would have none of that. He wanted plate glass and the big windows in his study are the only plate glass in the whole building.

They moved into the house in 1920 and had been in just a short time when Mrs. Hoover decided to have a tea party on the roof. She phoned my mother, Mrs. McFarland, and several other wives of professors who lived near and said, "Bring your toaster so we can have nice hot toast out on the roof." When all of the toasters were plugged in, they blew out the main fuse partially. In those days there were three knife switches—220 on the outside and 110 in the middle—and the middle switch blew, with the results that 220 was available anywhere in the house. The toasters went first, but fortunately they weren't burned out. But young Allan had discovered that every time he switched on a switch a light would flare and blow. They had phoned for me and said, "Birge, come over to the house. The toasters are not working." I went upstairs just in time to keep Allan from blowing out every light on the second floor. He was going around saying, "Whoops, there that one went, too!"

In the Red House outside of London where the Hoovers had lived for some time, the living room had a fireplace. I know now that because of happy times in the living room with the fire always blazing, which you could expect in the English climate, Mrs. Hoover later exaggerated in her mind how beautiful that fireplace was. One day she sent me a telegram saying, "The Red House is being taken down. The fireplace is available and we've bought it." She thought it might be installed in Mr. Hoover's den and was having it shipped to Stanford. When it came I found the agents had shipped all

of the bricks of the firebox, which she didn't want. The fireplace had slender pilasters and small corbels with a lintel which went over the top. I had it laid out in the work area down in the basement. When Mrs. Hoover came I went down with her and she walked around it and said, "Oh, Birge, they've sent the wrong fireplace." I said, "That's too bad." She said, "Let's leave it here for two or three days." And then she called me up and said, "No, it's the right fireplace, but it certainly doesn't look the same here in California. Anyway, we'll keep it." Ten years ago that fireplace was still stored in the Museum.

After the Santa Barbara earthquake in 1925 I went down there. Professor Wing, a structural engineer, was there, too. We saw that the type of construction used in this house—hollow tile curtain walls—which was quite popular in those days, just went out like china tea cups when the earthquake rocked the concrete. They couldn't stand any pressure. They would just pop. I felt very bad about this. I wrestled with myself for a few days and then I told Mrs. Hoover, "You know that hollow tile probably is going to fail if we have a 1906 intensity earthquake." She said, "Oh, Birge, don't bother about it. We've lived in far more dangerous places around the world and I'm not going to lose any sleep over it." I've told each Stanford president's wife about the same thing, and they still stay here in the house.

Historical postcards are on the market

Eight historical Stanford postcards are now on sale for 20 cents each at the Stanford Bookstore, the Art Gallery Book Shop, and by the Stanford Guide Service at its information centers on Memorial Court and in the lobby of Hoover Tower.

The eight scenes, depicting campus buildings, student activities, and a painting of the Stanford family group, were selected and production of the cards was arranged by a Historical Society committee chaired by Elise Liddle, a director.

Elizabeth Fordyce, Wilbur archivist, is dead at 84

Elizabeth Fordyce, secretary to President Ray Lyman Wilbur for many years and an important aide in the editing of his memoirs, died in her sleep March 30 at her campus home on Alvarado Row. She was 84.

Immediately after her graduation from Mills College she began working as one of the two secretaries who made up Dr. Wilbur's office staff.

After his retirement Miss Fordyce was placed in charge of the Wilbur Collection in the Hoover Institution. Dr. Wilbur began dictating fragments of his memoirs to her, the last only three weeks before his death in 1949.

Thereafter she arranged the notes according to Dr. Wilbur's outline and added all pertinent material in his own words from correspondence, speeches, reports, and memoranda—a total of more than 3,500 typewritten pages. From this material Edgar Eugene Robinson and Paul C. Edwards edited *The Memoirs of Ray Lyman Wilbur*, published by the Stanford University Press in 1960.

Miss Fordyce willed her home to the University.

Emeritus ranks lose leading researcher

R. Gordon Gould, emeritus professor of medicine, died at his campus home May 19 of cancer. He was 68.

Professor Gould was an expert on the metabolism of blood fats and proteins. He found that cholesterol ingested in the diet regulates production and metabolism of the substance by the body. This discovery has widely influenced the development of treatments to prevent atherosclerosis and related disorders.

Awarded the Ph.D. in organic chemistry at Harvard in 1933, Professor Gould taught there and other places before coming to Stanford in 1960. He was named professor emeritus in 1974.

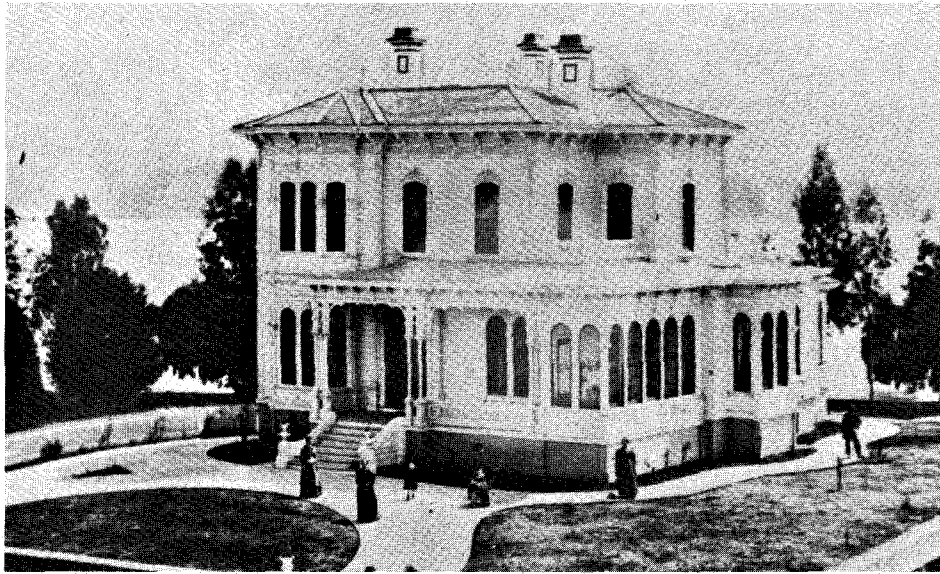
IT'S RENEWAL TIME!

As this issue of the *Newsletter* was going to press, membership renewals were coming in very slowly.

Of 435 members for the 1977-78 year, only 147 had renewed by June 1.

Annual dues are still only \$10.00 (no inflation here!) and, with the Society's recent formal affiliation with the University, are tax deductible. So, if you have not already done so, please send your check to the Society, Box 5466, Stanford, CA 94305.

Thirty-nine new members have joined since January 1 and their memberships are automatically extended through the 1978-79 year, which ends May 1.



Historic home on Lake Merritt is opened to the public.

Josiah Stanford home in Oakland restored

A 102-year-old Italianate Victorian mansion in Oakland with close ties to the Stanford family has been reopened as a restored example of 19th century living on the shores of Lake Merritt.

It is the Camron-Stanford House, once owned by Josiah Stanford, brother of Leland Stanford and a founding University trustee, and earlier by David Hewes, brother-in-law of Jane Lathrop Stanford and the man who provided the gold spike driven by Leland Stanford to complete the transcontinental railroad at Promontory, Utah, in 1869.

Later the site of the Oakland Public Museum, the residence was threatened with demolition when the modern Oakland Museum was opened in 1969. It was saved through efforts of the Camron-Stanford House Preservation Association, which raised more than \$170,000 in grants and gifts.

The house was built by Will Camron, a land developer and cowboy, in 1876. Camron sold it to Hewes, an industrialist and lavish host whose guests included President Rutherford B. Hayes. Hewes was married to Anna Lathrop, Jane Stanford's sister.

In 1882, Josiah Stanford bought the house. The first of five Stanford brothers to make the trip, he arrived in California in October, 1949 and founded the mercantile business which was the basis for the family fortune. But he is probably best remembered for having developed vineyards and a winery near Mission San Jose, now owned by the Weibel organization. Josiah's widow sold the Oakland

house in 1903 to a sea captain who four years later sold it to the city for a museum.

The house is open for tours Wednesdays from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays from 1 to 5 p.m. Information is available by telephone to 415-836-1976. Volunteer guides lead tours.

Vandal damages bronze Stanford family statue

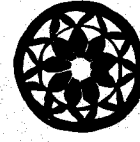
An insensate vandal has sawed off the right thumb of the outstretched hand of Leland Stanford, Jr. in the near-lifesize bronze statue of the Stanford family group which has been displayed on the campus since 1900.

The statue was standing on the north portico of the Art Gallery when the act was committed early in March. The Historical Society's board voted \$200 for its removal to a safe place and it is now stored in a University warehouse.

President Watkins appointed Patrick Maveety of Palo Alto to head a committee to investigate repair of the thumb and to suggest a permanent campus location.

The statue of Senator and Mrs. Stanford and their son was sculpted by Larkin Meade after modeling in Florence, Italy. It was first installed in the center of the Inner Quad in 1900 and two years later was moved to a high granite pedestal in Memorial Court.

Because it was thought to be suffering from exposure to the weather, the statue was moved in 1915 to the main rotunda of the Museum. In recent years it was shifted to a Museum passageway and then to the Art Gallery porch.



From the ARCHIVES

A young college student apologetically wrote home to his family, "I am in want of some money....I had to buy several books when I came here, my traveling expenses from Clinton to this place amounted to upwards two dollars....I suppose that if now called upon to pay my board bill I should not quite enough money to meet the demand."

An appeal from a poor farm boy in Stanford's pioneer class of '95? Or perhaps a needy Stanford student of the depression years? Neither. It is a plea from young Leland Stanford to his family, written in 1844 from his student lodgings at Cazenovia Seminary. This letter, and 15 others written during Stanford's student days, are among the Leland Stanford Papers in the University Archives. While they reveal special aspects of Stanford's experiences and something of his character, the letters also reflect the ever present concerns of many young, male American students. For example—

His classes: "I am in rather a quandary [sic] as to what I shall study next term besides my Latin. I intend to make Pierce's algebra one and would like to make geometry another study."

His first speech: "I received yesterday an appointment to speak in public in the church....I have tried to get excused from it but the faculty have refused."

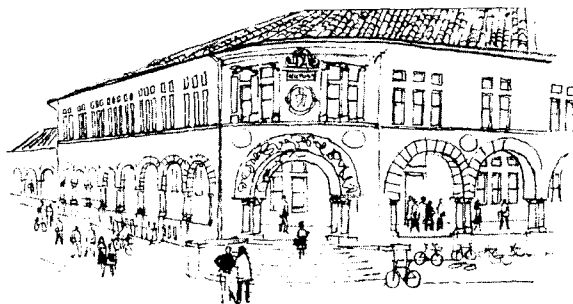
Politics: "There have been several large political meetings held in the vicinity of this place and one was held here last Wednesday at which Cassius M. Clay spoke. I was much pleased with his manner and think him a talented man."

And homesickness: "The memory of home sometimes rushes in upon me violently, causing me to look upon my solitary room dolefully. But I drive the thought back by thinking what I am here for."

These letters and others written by Leland Stanford between 1841 and 1865 were presented to the Stanford University Archives in 1972 by David H. Canfield in memory of his wife, Helen Stanford Canfield, a great-niece of Leland Stanford. This correspondence provides a valuable record of his early years at Clinton and Cazenovia Seminaries in New York and of his life in the California gold fields and in early Sacramento.

—Roxanne Nilan
Assistant University Archivist

History Corner



Baccalaureate al fresco

For the first time that anyone could seem to recall, Baccalaureate services at graduation this year were held outside on the Inner Quad, instead of inside Memorial Church. Demand for tickets has for many years exceeded the capacity of the Church. This year 3,000 chairs were set up, compared to the 1,100 seats available in the Church. The Church formerly held 2,500 persons, but its balconies have been closed because their stairways would be inadequate in the event of earthquake.

The stadium loses a row

Speaking of seats, the capacity of Stanford Stadium has been reduced by 1,294 by the installation of a security fence on the footboard of the top row, No. 80. The measure was taken because the parapet wall had weakened. So the capacity of the bowl is now 85,013. It was 60,000 when the stadium was opened in 1921. Fifteen more rows were added around the top in 1927-29.

Angell Field gets a face-lift

And speaking of athletic facilities, the Department of Athletics has heeded the pleas of recreational runners to improve Angell Field. Requests for such things as an all-weather track surface could not be met because of cost, according to Joe

Ruetz, director of athletics, but the running surface will be improved, water lines replaced, the infield spruced up, and a full-time groundskeeper assigned. The track was designed and built by Sam McDonald to replace a cinder-coated dirt track the students had built south of Encina Hall after the first track team was forced to train on a trotting oval at the Stock Farm. Angell Field was named for Frank Angell, professor of psychology on the pioneer faculty who was known as the "Father of Stanford Athletics."

Marguerite gets a bouquet

We told you in an earlier issue that the new free shuttle buses on campus are known as "Marguerites" after the name given to the horse-drawn vehicle which used to ply between Palo Alto and the campus. Now the Metropolitan Transportation Commission, a state-supported agency, has given Marguerite its Award of Merit for exceptional efforts on behalf of public transportation.

Dead Week disinterred

Student complaints that Dead Week, the last week before final exams, was showing distressing signs of life have led to a new policy statement by a committee of the Faculty Senate. Essen-

tially it reaffirms the idea of minimum special activity so that students can fall back and regroup for their finals.

Faculty role in first redwood park

A recent exhibit at Green Library (formerly Main Library) recalled the role of Stanford University in the designation of Big Basin Redwoods State Park as the first California State Park.

David Starr Jordan, Stanford's first president and an active Sierra Club member, was enlisted by A.P. Hill, a San Jose photographer, in 1900 to join a group of citizens who were campaigning to make the area in the Santa Cruz Mountains a state park.

Several other faculty members also joined the group, known as Sempervirens Club. Their crusade was successful. In 1902 Governor Gage signed the enabling legislation.

Do you own an O'Brien?

James H. Stone, Stanford '39, professor of humanities and American studies at San Francisco State University, is interested in locating past or present owners of the work of Frank Morgan O'Brien, landscape painter who was favorably known in San Francisco at the time of his death in 1919. In December 1922 and the first week of January 1923 the Stanford Art Gallery exhibited 63 of O'Brien's landscapes in oil but his work soon dropped from view and is at present virtually unknown. Stone, whose parents, Professor and Mrs. Calvin P. Stone, owned O'Brien paintings, is preparing a biography of the painter and plans to send reports on him to the Smithsonian Institution Inventory of American Painting. Stone may be reached at 365 Lincoln Ave., Palo Alto 94301; phone 322-2400

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